

November 24, 1940

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**THE SPIRIT!!**  
KEEN AND TWO-FISTED,  
**THE SPIRIT**, IN REALITY  
DENNY COLT, LONG  
BELIEVED DEAD,  
OPERATES FROM A  
SECRET CRIME  
LABORATORY DEEP  
UNDER **WILLOWOOD**  
**CEMETERY**. HE IS  
AIDED BY HIS FAITH-  
FUL YOUNG FRIEND,  
**EBONY**. ONLY POLICE  
COMMISSIONER DOLAN  
KNOWS HIS TRUE  
IDENTITY....

**THE**



MIDNIGHT... THE STACCATO OF  
RUNNING FEET BREAKS A SILENCE  
WHICH HANGS LIKE A PALL OVER  
THE DESERTED WHARVES THAT  
POINT CROOKEDLY OUT INTO NORTH  
RIVER... A MAN FLEES FOR HIS LIFE...



STUMBLING..CRAWLING..STAGGERING,  
HIS FACE TWISTED IN ABJECT FEAR,  
HE MAKES HIS WAY ACROSS A DOCK...



by

WILL EISNER







**SALTY PETERS!!**  
BY GODFREY,  
IF YOU'VE HURT  
EBONY, I'LL...

NO... I  
MERELY PUT  
HIM TO SLEEP...  
A PLAYFUL  
CLOUT ON THE  
HEAD!

THE GREAT **SPIRIT!**  
RELENTLESS FOE OF  
THE UNDERWORLD FALLS  
FOR THE OLD ARMY GAME...  
FOLLOWING OL' RABBIT  
HERE TO WHERE WE'RE  
WAITING! I KNEW ONCE  
WE GOT OUR HANDS  
ON THAT **BRAT**,  
YOU'D COME  
RUNNIN'!

**EBONY..**  
HE'S  
STILL  
UNCON-  
SCIOUS!  
DO  
SOME-  
THING  
FOR HIM,  
**YOU  
RATS**  
!!

ALWAYS  
READY TO  
OBLIGE!

PRETTY FOND OF  
HIM, AIN'T'CHA,  
*SPIRIT?*

OooooHH...  
MAH HAID!

WHAT'S THIS  
ALL ABOUT  
??

WELL, YOU SEE, **SPIRIT**, MY BOSS,  
A BIG SHOT BY THE WAY... IS VERY  
ANGRY WITH YOU BECAUSE YOU  
ARE ALWAYS BUSTING UP HIS WELL  
PLANNED RACKETS... SO HE'S  
DECIDED TO GET RID OF YOU!  
WE'RE GONNA PLANT A COUPLE  
OF DEAD MEN IN YOUR HIDEOUT,  
THEN SICK THE **COPS ON YOU...**  
YOU'LL BE **FRAMED**, PAL...  
**BUT FRAMED !!**



AND **HOW** DO YOU PROPOSE TO **FIND** MY HIDEOUT?

I'LL SHOW YOU!

START TIGHTENING THAT **CHINESE BOOT...** AND DON'T STOP TILL HE TELLS!

AH AIN'T NEVER GONNA TELL... EVEN EF'N YO' CRUSH MAH FOOT TO NUTHIN'!



IN THE OFFICE OF COMMISSIONER  
DOLAN...**THE SPIRIT'S** SECRET  
FRIEND....

YOU MEAN, SQUIRE SAMPSON, THAT YOU CAN **PROVE** THAT **THE SPIRIT** IS A MURDERER?

HRMF..AH.. PRECISELY!! IF YOU FOUND, SAY THE BODIES OF BUGS BADGER AND PINKY PRESTON IN HIS HIDEOUT...AND A WITNESS OR TWO.. WHAT WOULD YOU SAY, MR. MAYOR?



I'D SAY THAT **THE SPIRIT** WAS **GUILTY!**

AND WHO'S YOUR WITNESS...ONE OF YOUR HENCHMEN?



CAREFUL, DOLAN! MR SAMPSON IS A **VERY** INFLUENTIAL MAN IN THIS CITY....

I DON'T CARE WHO HE IS! BY GOLLY, SQUIRE SAMPSON.. IF YOU'VE GOT EVIDENCE, JUST PRESENT IT IN THE PROPER AMERICAN WAY! AND STOP SNEAKIN' AROUND!



QUITE RIGHT...I EXPECT MY MAN HERE SOON WITH **THE EVIDENCE**....WE'LL WAIT HERE TILL HE ARRIVES!



MEANWHILE....



SUDDENLY EBONY GRASPS THE PISTOL WITH HIS TEETH













